From Chambers' Edingburgh Journal.

WE ARE GROWING OLD.

We are growing old; how the thought will rise,
When a glance is backward cast
On some long remembered spot, that lies
In silence of the past:
It may be the shrine of our early vows,
Or the tomb of early tears;
But it seems like a far off isle to us,
In the stormy sea of years.
Oh wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from greenness now,
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow;
For deep o'er many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows rolled,
That steered with us from that early mark—
Oh, friends, we are growing old!

Old in the dimness and the dust
Of our daily toils and cares,
Old in the wrecks of love and trust
Which our burdened memory bears;
Each form may wear to the passing gaze
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten our latter days,
Which the morning never met.
But oh, the changes we have seen,
In the far winding way;
The graves in our path which have grown green,
And the locks that have grown grey!
The winters still on our way may spare
The sable or the gold,
But we saw their snows upon bright hair,
And, friends, we are growing old.

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learned to pause and fear,
But where are the living founts, whose flow
Was a joy of heart to hear?
We have won the wealth of many a clime,
The lore of many a page,
But where is the hope that saw in time
But its boundless heritage?
Will it come again when the violet wakes,
And the woods their youth renew?
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes,
Where the bloom is deep and blue,
And our soul might joy in the spring time then,
But the joy was faint and cold,
For it ne'er could give us the youth again,
Of hearts that are growing old.

MESMERIC REVELATION.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

WHATEVER doubt may still envelop the *rationale* of mesmerism, its startling *facts* are now almost universally admitted. Of these latter, those who doubt are your mere doubters by profession—an unprofitable and disreputable tribe. There can be no more absolute waste of time than the attempt to *prove*, at the present day, that man, by mere exercise of will, can so impress his fellow as to cast him into an abnormal condition, whose phenomena resemble very closely those of *death*, or at least resemble them more nearly than they do the phhenomena of any other normal condition within our cognizance, that, while in this state, the person so impressed employs only with effort, and then feebly, the external organs of sense, yet perceives, with keenly refined perception, and through channels supposed unknown, matters beyond the scope of the physical organs; that, moreover, his intellectual faculties are wonderfully exalted and invigorated; that his sympathies with the person so impressing him are profound; and finally, that his susceptibility to the impression increases with its frequency, while in the same proportion, the peculiar phenomena elicited are more extended and more *pronounced*.

I say that these—which are the laws of mesmerism in its general features—it would be supererogation to demonstrate; nor shall I inflict upon my readers so needless a demonstration to day. My purpose at present is a very different one indeed. I am impelled, even in the teeth of a world of prejudice, to detail without comment the very remarkable substance of of colloquy, occurring not many days ago between a sleep waker and myself.

I had been long in the habit of mesmerizing the person in question, (Mr. Vankirk) and the usual acute susceptibility and exaltation of the mesmeric perception had supervened. For many months he had been laboring under confirmed phthsis, the more distressing effects of which had been relieved by my manipulations; and on the night of Wednesday, the fifteenth instant, I was summoned to his bedside.

The invalid was suffering with acute pain in the region of the heart, and breathed with great difficulty, having all the ordinary symptoms of asthma. In spasms such as these he had usually found relief from the application of mustard to the nervous centres, but to-night this had been attempted in vain.

As I entered his room he greeted me with a cheerful smile, and although evidently in much bodily pain, appeared to be, mentally, quite at ease.

"I sent for you to-nigh," he said, "not so much to administer to my bodily ailment as to satisfy me concerning certain psychal impressions which, of late, have occasioned me much anxiety and surprise. I need not tell you how sceptical I have hitherto been on the topic of the soul's immortality. I cannot deny that there has always existed, as if in that very soul which I have been denying, a vague, half sentiment of its own existence, But this half sentiment at no time amounted to conviction.—With it my reason had nothing to do. All attempts at logical inquiry resulted, indeed, in leaving me more sceptical than before. I had been advised to study Cousin. I studied him in his own works as well as in those of his European and American echoes. The 'Charles Elwood' of Mr. Brownson, for example, was placed in my hands. I read it with profound attention.—Throughout I found it logical, but the portions which were not *merely* logical were unhappily the initial arguments of the disbelieving hero of the book. In his summing up it seemed evident to me that the reasoner had not even succeeded in convincing himself. His end had plainly forgotten his beginning, like the government of Trinculo. In short, I was not long in perceiving that if man is to be intellectually convinced of his own immortality, he will never be so convinced by the mere *abstractions* which have been so long the fashion of the moralists of England, of France and of Germany. Abstractions may amuse and exercise, but take no hold upon the mind. Here upon earth, at least philosophy, I am persuaded, will always in vain call upon us to look upon qualities as things. The will may assent—the soul—the intellect, never.

I repeat, then, that I only half felt, and never intellectually believed. But latterly there has been a certain deepening of the feeling, until it has come so nearly to resemble the acquiescence of reason, that I find it difficult to distinguish between the two. I am enabled, too, plainly to trace this effect to the mesmeric influence. I cannot better explain my meaning then by the hypothesis that the mesmeric exaltation enables me to perceive a train of convincing ratiocination—a train which, in my abnormal existence, convinces, but which, in full accordance with the mesmeric phenomena, does not extend, except through its *effect*, into my normal condition. In sleep-waking, the reasoning and its conclusion—the cause and its effect—are present together. In my natural state, the cause vanishing, the effect only, and perhaps only partially, remains.

These considerations have led me to think that some good results mights ensue from a series of well directed questions propounded to me while mesmerized. You have often observed the profound self-cognizance evinced by the sleep-waker, the extensive knowledge he displays upon all points relating to the mesmeric condition itself; and from this self-cognizance may be deduced hint for the proper conduct of a catechism.

I consented of course to make this experiment. A few passes threw Mr Vankirk into the mesmeric sleep. His breathing became immediately more easy, and he seemed to suffer no physical uneasiness. The following conversation then ensued. V. in the dialogue representing Mr. Vankirk, and P. myself.

P. Are you asleep?

V. Yes—no; I would rather sleep more soundly.

P. *(After a few more passes.)* Do you sleep now?

V. Yes.

P. Do you still feel the pain in your heart.

V. No.

P. How do you think your present illness will result?

V. *(After a long hesitation and speaking as if with effort.)* I must die.

P. Does the idea of death afflict you?

V. *(Very quickly.)* No—no!

P. Are you pleased with the prospect?

V. If I were awake I should like to die, but now it is no matter. The mesmeric condition is so near death as to content me

P. I wish you would explain yourself, Mr. Vankirk.

V. I am willing to do so, but it requires more effort than I feel able to make. You do not question me properly.

P. What then shall I ask?

V. You must begin at the beginning.

P. The beginning! but where is the beginning.

V. You know that the beginning is God. [This was said in a low, fluctuating tone, and with every sign of the most profound veneration.]

P. What then is God?

V. *(Hesitating for many minutes.)* I cannot tell.

P. Is not God spirit?

V. While I was awake I knew what you meant by "spirit," but now it seems only a word—such for instance as truth, beauty—a quality, I mean.

P. Is not God immaterial?

V. There is no immateriality—it is a mere word. That which is not matter is not at all, unless qualities are things.

P. Is God, then, Material?

V. No. [*This reply startled me very much.*]

P. What then is he?

V. *(After a long pause, and mutteringly.)* I see—but it is a thing difficult to tell. [Another long pause.] He is not spirit, for he exists. Nor is he matter, *as you understand it*. But there are *gradations of matter* of which man knows nothing; the grosser impelling the finer, the finer pervading the grosser. The atmosphere, for example, impels or modifies the electric principle, while the electric principle permeates the atmosphere. Those gradations of matter increase in rarity of fineness, until we arrive at a matter *unparticled*—without particles—indivisible—*one*; and here the law of impulsion and permeation is modified. The ultimate, or unparticled matter, not only permeates all things but impels all things—and thus is all things within itself. This matter is God. What men vaguely attempt to embody in the word "thought," is this matter in motion.

P. The metaphysicians maintain that all action is reducible to motion and thinking, and that the latter is the origin of the former.

V. Yes; and I now see the confusion of idea. Motion is the action of the *mind*—not of *thinking*. The unparticled matter, or God, in quescence, is (as nearly as we can conceive it) what men call mind. And the power of self-movement (equivalent in effect to human volition) is, in the unparticled matter the result of its unity and omniprevalence: *how*, I know not, and now clearly see that I shall never know. But the unparticled matter, set in motion by a law, or quality, existing within itself, is thinking.

P. Can you give me no more precise idea of what you term the unparticled matter?

V. The matters of which man is cognizant escape the senses in gradation. We have, for example, a metal, a piece of wood, a drop of water, the atmosphere, a gas, caloric, light, electricity, the luminiferous ether. Now we call all these things matter, and embrace all matter in one general definition; but in spite of this, there can be no two ideas more easily distinct than that which we attach to metal, and that which we attach to luminiferous ether. When we reach the latter, we feel an almost irresistible inclination to class it with spirit, or with nihility. The only consideration which restrains us is our conception of its atomic constitution; and here, even, we have to seek aid from our notion of an atom, possessing in infinite minuteness, solidity, palpability, weight. Destroy the idea of the atmoric constitution and we should no longer be able to regard the ether as an entity, or at least as matter. For want of a better word we might term it spirit Take, now, a *step* beyond the luminiferous ether—conceive a matter as much more rare than the ether as this ether is more rare than the metal, and we arrive at once (in spite of all the school dogmas) at a *unique* mass—at unparticled matter. For, although we may admit infinite littleness in the atoms themselves, the infinitude of littleness in the spaces between them is an absurdity. There will be a point—there will be a degree of rarity, at which, if the atoms are sufficiently numerous, the interspaces must vanish, and the mass absoluteiy coalesce. But the consideration of the atomic construction being now taken away the nature of the mass inevitably glides into what we conceive of *spirit*. It is clear, however, that it is as fully *matter* as before. The truth is it is impossible to conceive spirit, since it is impossible to imagine what is not. When we flatter ourselves that we have formed its conception, we have merely deceived our understanding by the consideration of infinitely rarefied matter.

P. But, in all this, is there nothing of irreverence? [I was forced to repeat this question before the sleep waker fully comprehended my meaning]

V. Can you say *why* matter should be less reverenced than mind? But you forgot that the matter of which I speak is, in all respects the very "mind" or "spirit" of the schools, so far as regards its high capacities, and is, moreover, the "matter" of these schools at the same time. God, with all the powers attributed to spirit, is but the perfection of matter.

P. You assert, then, that the unparticled matter, in motion, is thought?

V. In general, this motion is the universal thought of the universal mind. This thought creates. All created things are but the thoughts of God.

P. You say "in general."

V. Yes. The universal mind is God. For new individualities, *matter* is necessary.

P. But you now speak of "mind" and "matter" as do the metaphysicians.

V. Yes—to avoid confusion. When I say "mind," I mean the unparticled or ultimate matter; by "matter" I intend all else.

P. You were saying that "for new individualities matter is necessary."

V. Yes, for mind, existing unincorporate, is merely God. To create individual, thinking beings, it was necessary to incarnate portions of the divine mind. Thus man is individualized. Divested of corporate investure, he were God. Now, the particular motion of the incarnated portions of the unparticled matter is the thought of man; as the motion of the whole is that of God.

P. You say that divested of the body man will be God?

V. *(After much hesitation.)* I could not have said this; it is an absurdity.

P. *(Referring to my notes.)* You *did* say that "divested of corporate investiture man were God."

V. And this is true. Man thus divested *would be* God—would be unindividualized. But he can never be thus divested—at least never *will* be—else we must imagine an action of God returning upon itself—a purposeless and futile action. Man is a creature. Creatures are thoughts of God. It is the nature of thought to be irrevocable.

P. I do not comprehend. You say that man will never put off the body?

V. I say that he will never be bodiless.

P. Explain.

V. There are two bodies—the rudimental and the complete; corresponding with the conditions of the worm and the butterfly. What we call "death," is but the painful metamorphosis. Our present incarnation is progressive, preparatory, temporary. Our future is perfected, ultimate, immortal. The ultimate life is the full design.

P. But of the worm's metamorphosis we are palpably cognizant.

V. *We*, certainly—but not the worm. The matter of which our rudimental body is composed, is within the ken of the organs of that body; or more distinctly our rudamental organs are adapted to the matter of which is formed the rudimental body; but not to that of which the ultimate is composed. The ultimate body thus escapes our rudimental senses, and we perceive only the shell which falls in decaying from the inner form; not that inner form itself, but this inner form, as well as the shell, is appreciable by those who have already acquired the ultimate life.

P. You have often said that the mesmeric state very nearly resembled death. How is this?

V. When I say that it resembles death, I mean that it resembles the ultimate life; for the senses of my rudimental life are in abeyance, and I perceive external things directly, without organs through a medium which I shall employ in the ultimate, unorganized life.

P. Unorganized?

V. Yes; organs are contrivances by which the individual is brought into sensible relation with particular classes and forms of matter, to the exclusion of other classes and forms. The organs of man are adapted to his rudimental condition, and to that only; his ultimate condition, being unorganized is of unlimited comprehension in all points but one—the nature of the volition, or motion, of the unparticled matter. You will have a distinct idea of the ultimate body by conceiving it to be entire brain. This it is *not*; but a conception of this nature will bring you near to a comprehension of what it *is* A luminous body imparts vibration to the luminiferous ether. The vibrations generate similar ones within the retina, which again communicate similar ones to the optic nerve. The nerve conveys similar ones to the brain; the brain, also, similar ones to the unparticled matter which permeates it. The motion to this latter is thought, of which perception is the first undulation. This is the mode of which the mind of the rudimental life communicates the external world; and this external world is limited, through the idiosyncracy of the organs. But in the ultimate, unorganized life, the external world reaches the whole body, (which is of a substance having affinity to brain, as I have said) with no other intervension than that of an infinitely rarer ether than even the luminiferous; and to this ether—in unison with it—the whole body vibrates, setting in motion the unparticled matter which permeates it. It is to the absence of idiosyncratic organs, therefore, that we must attribute the nearly unlimited perception of the ultimate life The rudimental beings, organs are the cages necessary to confine them until fledged.

P. You speak of rudimental 'beings.' Are there other rudimental thinking beings than man?

V. The multitudinous conglomeration of rare matter into nebulæ, planets, suns and other bodies which are neither nebulæ, suns, nor planets, is for the sole purpose of supplying *pabulum* for the idiosyncrasy of the organs of an inuity of rudimental beings. But for the necessity of the rudimental, prior to the ultimate life, there would have been no bodies such as these. Each of these is tenanted by a distinct variety of organic, rudimental, thinking creatures. In all, the organs vary with the features of the place tenanted. At death, or metamorphosis, these creates, enjoying the ultimate life, and cognizant of all secrets but *the one*, pervade at pleasure the weird dominions of the infinite.

As the sleep waker pronounced these latter words, in a feeble tone, I observed on his countenance a singular expression, which somewhat alarmed me, and induced me to awake him at once. No sooner had I done this, than, with a bright smile irradiating all his features, he fell back upon his pillow and expired. I noticed that in less than a minute afterward his corpse had all the the stern rigidity of stone.—*Columbian Magazine*.

Modern Jerusalem.

By the Editor of the Savanna Repub.

Modern Jerusalem is a staunch, strongly built city. The walls of the houses are most substantial, and are built of very compact limestone, which is mostly of a light or dark cream color. It has an appearance of great solidity, which is increased by the flying buttresses which every where spring over the streets. An earthquake that would demolish a portion of the town, would be apt to involve the whole of it in ruin—so compactly is it built together. The streets are filthy, and nowhere have I met so many wretched deformed beggars—so many blind helpless beings—all asking alms from early dawn to set of sun. The exterior of the houses towards the streets is most forbidding, looking jail-like and gloomy, but entering the Courts, you see more cheerfulness, and some of the terraces have a very commanding look-out. Domes appear every where. They rise above the principal rooms of all the houses. There is no wood to construct roofs of, and thus the ceilings of the rooms are pleasingly vaulted. In no one thing are the accounts of travellers so discrepent as to the modern town. Some writers draw of it a peerless picture, and others paint it in most gloomy colors. Some perhaps have been there in the rainy, others in the bright seasons—as in most cases the truth seems to be about half way between the two extremes. It is neither so good or so bad as it has been drawn, but it is a very respectable town, far better than most others in the East. The modern town does not cover the whole site of the ancient one. Mount Zion itself, on the South side, is without the present wall. On the North, or more directly on the west side of the city, the old limit must have been a mile beyond the present one. The whole ground is cavernous with ancient cisterns—themselves probably more recent than those of the town taken by the Roman Legions. Excepting on a part of the Northwest side, the limits of the ancient city are well defined. The mountains are still *"round about Jerusalem,"* and the features of the scenery are all bold and grand. On three sides, the precipitous steeps of the valleys impose boundaries beyond which no building could ever have passed. It is said, and is doubtless true, that the wall supporting Solomon's temple, on the side of the Valley of Jehosiphat, was 450 feet high.—On the west, or naturally the weakest side the tenth Roman Legion was encamped.—The present walls are well built and battlemented, but they have neither ditches, counterscap walls, nor other exterior defences. They are modern, but worthy to belong to an age when gun-powder was unknown, for they cannot stand two days against breaching batteries. The town has now a garrison of about 1500 lubberly Turkish soldiers, and could be taken by escalade in ten minutes, against all the resistenc the garrison could offer.

The environs of Jerusalem are very striking. They form one vast necropolis—the very rock being perforated in all directions with tombs, which begin near the bottom of the valley of Jehosiphat, Kedren, Gihon and Hinnon. These valleys, together with the Western wall, form a circuit of about two miles and a half—the whole circumference of the ancient town being, according to Josephus, rather more than four miles.

HAPPINESS.—We have heard a thousand definitions of the ancient term from Priest and Levite, Jew and Gentile, but none of them 'square-es ponds,' as mother Morley used to say, with our notion.—For example, if we should write a homily on this interesting subject, it would be after this wise.

Happy is the youth whose stomach is never pinched for the lack of needful provender.

Happy is the maiden who sitteth pensive and alone, communing with her own heart, when she heareth the first step approaching of one who shall be nameless.

Happy is the young man who hath the good fortune to win her for himself, and the moral courage to pop the question.

Happy is the young matron who sitteth by the cradle of her first born, listning to its artless prattle, and looking in her day-dreams down the long vista of the future.

Happy is the man who hath health, competence and contentment.

Happy is the man who feareth not the sheriff, who turneth not aside for the constable, and who hath complied with the injunction of the apostle, "owe no man any thing."

Happy is the man who hath not the tooth ache—who gripeth not with the cholic—who shaketh not with the ague; and is never troubled with the "delirium triangles."

Happy is the man who hath no horse to lend, and who is never troubled with the night-mare.

Happy is the locofoco who hath heard an answor to the oft repeated question, "Who is James K. Polk?"

Happy is the coon that did not bet on the election.

All these are happy; but happier far is he whe hath arrived at a good old age, and who when he lieth down at night, can exclaim, "I am at peace with my God, and I have punctuelly paid for my newspaper."

'I want to be shaved,' said a man the other day to a barber in ——street, 'but I have not time.'

'Oh that makes no difference,' said the barber. 'No! well if that's the case shave me.' He was shaved and the tonsor asked for the pay.

'I told you, 'said the customer, 'that I had no time. Time is money. I can't pay you.' So both were shaved.

'Jack,' said one sailor te another, Jack, I don't want to hurt you feeling, but shiver my timbers! if I don't believe yon stole my watch.'

The following answer is definite—"will you apologise or fight?" "Sare I vill."

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

Short Patent Sermons.

NUMBER ONE.

This delightful spring-time has suggested the words of my text; and I have concluded to preach upon this occasion from the following:

What is love?

My hearers—although this is a subject that has engaged the attention of the greatest minds; and one too, over which the most gifted heads have poured their sublimest strains, ever since the birth of Eve; still it remains a profound enigma. It is a something wide as immensity, beautiful, and terrible, and like all other magnets, cannot be comprehended. It is a wild ungovernable passion, and lives like the rude child of the forest, tameless, untamed. It is the glorious ebullition of our immortal nature—all the warm, wild sympathies of the human heart, concentrated and poured out, in one bold and unabating stream. Beware lest you get entangled in its meshes. You may fall in love just as easily as a man falls down stairs; or as slick as your heels will fly of a frosty morning—and it will stick to you like the shirts of Nessus; or wax on a warm day. It has led captive minds that have shook the world. It has caused pretty girls to weep until their eyes were red as topers noses—and soap-locked dandies to commit suicide, or what is worse get drunk. If all the sighs it has caused were gathered, and uttered in one long, sorrowful, piteous, thunder-moan, it would shake down the Andes. My friends—it will make you romantic, and you will see more beauty, and loveliness in all nature. You will love to wander by the pale light of the moon—to listen to the murmurs of rivulets—and watch the stars, as they perform their eternal dances in the sky. No other passion is any more to be compared to it, than the feeblest taper to those tall fires that blaze on, unconsumed, in the heavens—or the dullest hours, to the rapture green eighteen feels with his Dulcinea hugged so close to him that you could not get a knife blade between them. It is only expressed in the language of Poesy. It is known and felt by every refined, right-thinking woman—it lives in the imagination and dreams of men, but is seldom evinced in his actions. It has made glad the miserablest hovel—and cheered the log hut of the mountaineer—followed the convict in exile—and wiped the cold sweat from the brow of death—and made greenshorns sick as a dose of calomel. It is that eternal chain, that girdles the world: and binds every warm heart, in which has been kindled the fires of religion and freedom, in one imperishable bond of sympathy, tight as Sal's corset. My dear friends—you may be told by those who are sick of the world—who, with faces as long as a rainbow, wander, fretful, sorrowful, and melancholy, in the gloomy vales of despondency—by the hypochondriac, the nun, the misanthrope, and the anchoret—that there is no such thing as love. But such sentiments are the offspring of diseased minds. Nature never made such animals—they have been transformed by the insipidity of the heartless, splenetic world; or else by their own silliness. I envy not the man who can stand unmoved on Thermopylæ, Bunkerhill, or the Alamo, or any other place consecrated by brave, virtuous and glorious actions. Far less do I envy the man whose heart is impervious to the arrows of the blind baby-god—he must have a heart with no more feeling than his boot heel. But my friends—I trust you will not endorse such unphilosophical sentiments, so long as the memory of a father's blessing, a mother's kindness, or a sisters love, awakes a single emotion within you—never whilst you cherish the scenes of childhood, or love the green spot of your birth—never whilst you recollect when you pressed the idol of your soul to your bosom; how your heart jumped in your breast, like a rat in an empty barrel. There is harmony, and friendship, and love, in all nature; in every thing that greets the senses on the wide world—in every blade of grass—in every green thing under heaven. We see it in the lurid blaze of the lightning; and the tail of the firefly. We hear it in the rippling stream, and the wild, profound, eternal, bass, of the great ocean—in every noise from the smallest, perceptible by the air, to the coarse thunder-voice, of God in the sky, without it the world would be dull, monotonous, hateful, a world-wide desert without a single green spot, big enough to pasture a goose. There is love in the zephyr, as it leaves the fevered brow, with its breath sweet as the gales of Eden, and soft as the cheek of the maiden, that has only felt the delighful breezes of 16 summers. Now it whispers to the ear in tones sweet as an Æolian harp—and anon in a voice touching as the wail of a broken heart. We hear it in the glad songs of the birds; and borne upon the car of imagination, we can listen to it as it rings forth from the silver harps of the redeemed. It burns in the bosom of God—it glories in the breast of Angels—and warms the heart of man. So mote it be.

DOW, Jr.